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The PLOT.

A POEM.

LAte in St. *Germain's* Court, the Royal Station
Of the great *Jacobite*, Lord of *Abdication*,
Sate great *Divan*, on a more great Occasion:
Where Crowns, Crown'd-Heads, Power, Empire, Domination;
Descents and Vengeance, *Transports* and *Invasion*;
Fire, Sword and Battle, Death and Desolation;
Ev'n down to the diminitive Preparation
Of *Poyniards*, *Musquetoons*, (sweet titillation,)
Dear Ruffians, Ambuscades, *Assassination*,
The whole Rich Magazine of Heretick Damnation,
Were all the high Debates of this grand *Consultation*.

Here First, for their Divine Illumination,
Behold a Beam of Sacred Revelation,
St. *Granvall* and St. *Ruth's* great Inspiration.
Nor did there want a gentler Invocation

Of Fair St. *Levaliers* bright Coruſcation:
All Heav'nly warming Lights to this great *Caballation.*

Here Female Stateſman, at her high Helm-Station,
Great *Maintenon*, began, in Learn'd Oration,
The *Welch Prince* Panegyrick Declamation:
Whilſt a bent Knee went round, and loweſt Adoration.
Behold, ſhe cry'd,——
The little Pillar o'th' great *Brittiſh* Nation;
Fair *Albions* Hopes to endleſs Generation;
The *Peter*-ſtone to her whole *Church*-Foundation;
His ſhortliv'd Fathers Glories Conſummation.
Wonders ſhe ſpoke! 'Twas all to Admiration!
Ev'n truths more great than *Legend* Demonſtration;
Up to the very inmoſt Penetration,
Into the myſtick Oracles of his Procreation,
His very *Warming-Pan*, and *Cradles* Conſecration.

This tender Bud of *Brittiſh* Expectation,
That infant Theme her firſt Initiation,
She now advanc'd to th' loftier Elevation
Of Copes and Croſiers, *Tripple* Coronation:
Through all the Streams of Sanguin Deſperation,
From *Blood* and *Murder*, Scarlet *Romes* Plantation;
Thoſe well known mounting ſteps to Papal Inſtauration;
From *Guido's Lanthorn* Light, ſhe mov'd by due Gradation,
Ev'n up to the Divine, *Pontifick* Radiation.

Great *Lewis* here, with proudeſt Exultation,
To give the *Fiat* to this vaſt Creation,

Bid

Bid the bold *J——s*, his *Pupil* Preſervation,
Prepare for an immediate *Embarkation.*
For Honour lay before him, Triumphation,
Dreſt in her proudeſt *Crimſon* Decoration;
No leſs than th' High-noon bright Glorification,
T' his *Phoſphor Barclay*'s ruddy morning Lumination.

Great were the ſounds, and ſweet the Conſolation;
For, oh, the tickling dear Imagination
Of Univerſal *Maudlin* Reformation!
Deſpotick Scepters, Abſolute Regnation!
Prieſts, Jeſuits, Dragoons, (an inundation!)
Fire, Faggot, the whole *Jacobite* Propagation!
A total Heretick Eradication!
All in the golden days of joyful *Reſtauration.*

And for our fooliſh Fears full Diſſipation,
Our empty Jealouſies Evaporation;
Kind *Lewis*'s wondrous Service, free Donation,
Bound with a ſolemn *Gallick* Proteſtation,
He ſwore (and with a *Stygian* Imprecation)
Was far from any mental Reſervation,
His own *Ambitions* utter Abjuration.
Thus Vow'd great *Lewis*, *Mahomet's* Tranſmigration,
The *Creſent*-Champion for the *Croſs*'s Exaltation,
All from his Heart as true as *Tranſubſtantiation.*

But here Fames Trump muſt ſtop——
Here change thy Ayrs, no more thou ſweet Muſician;
Sing, ſad *Melpomene*, Sobs, Sighs, Contrition,

Woes, Waylings! Some kind melancholy *Titian*,
Draw Wilds and Ruines; all our vaſt Ambition,
Laid low in Duſt; our poor *Plots* loſt Condition.
For, oh, our *Barclay's* dear Divine *Commiſſion*
Lyes quaſht: Our hopes all empty Apparition,
And honeſt poor *Jack Ketch*, our ſorrows laſt Phyſitian.

Our *Calais Tranſports* for the Grand Deciſion,
All under an Embargo of *Miſpriſion*;
A mark for Heretick *Bombs*, and *Williamite* Deriſion.
Nay, our great *Jehu J——s*, from his Tranſition
To *Albion* Shore, for Regal Readmiſſion;
Stroll'd back to *Bulloign* Cloyſters, to petition
The minor Saints, to wail a *Jacobite Polititian!*

This the Reduc'd *Britannia's* new Submiſſion?
Inſtead of our once Glorious *Expedition*;
Egyptian ſpoils, and Heretick Diviſion;
Now made their Hiſs and Grin (Fates weak tuition!)
Faln from our Laurel Wreaths, t' a rueful Viſion
Of Ax, Hemp, Cord, th' whole *Tyburn* Amunition;
To our whole rampant *Cauſe*, a woful Circumciſion.

And have we pil'd and heap'd, left no omiſſion
For *Roman Givets*, *Jacobite* Proviſion;
All for one *Conflagration*? Dire Perdition!
But above all, (what's Death the very Repetition,)
Is this our little *Warbecks* Royal Recognition!

And to conclude our whole Eternal *Abdication*,
Our thunder-bolt of Fate is the *Aſſociation*.

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